

Boys On the Right

-Two beers for two queers!

-Thank you. I'm honored to sit at this famously powerful kitchen table.

-Somehow, you don't quite look thus. Worried a little bit.

-Doesn't it ultimately get you that the party rants on about the likes of us?

-How many Republican shindigs have you been to in this town?

-Couldn't count.

-Even been treated except with graciousness and respect?

-No, but...

-No buts. The rest is manipulating the rednecks. If I'm asked to help with that I will.

-I can't help but think there's a betrayal in that.

-Gimme back that beer! Faggot!

-Just kidding I hope. This is good stuff.

-Belgium. Ten bucks a bottle.

-I'm graced!

-Betrayal! Shit! As if we haven't betrayed somebody or something in every fuckin seamy chapter of our life. And not seamy because it's queer. Just plain seamy.

-Maybe so, but, that's the past. How about those better angels Lincoln speaks of?

-Send them to some asshole Divinity School. Besides, angels pretty asexual. I gotta get fucked once or twice a day.

-On average?

-Yeah. On average. Right now I'm a machine gunner!

-I've got a man.

-Relax. I've got legions!

-Could be sad. One, you can talk to.

-No time for that. Gotta work this frenzy out.

-For the good of the party?

-That too. But, hey, it's a big tent! And it's good to meet those you've fucked.